

Carmen Irenicum.

THE
HAPPY UNION
OF THE
Two East-India Companies.
AN
Heroick POEM.

By E. SETTLE.

Vis unita fortior.

L O N D O N :

Printed for John Nutt near Stationers Hall. 1702.

H

C

THE D. C. W. O. B. I.

THE D. C. W. O. B. I. THE D. C. W. O. B. I.

as the

T H E

Happy Union, &c.

POETS, when they some glorious Theme design,
 Invoke the Aid of their own Sacred *Nine*;
 Or some Assisting Pow'r yet more Divine.

}

The *Nine*'s weak Ayr, more weak Inspiring Pow'r,
 To th' Heights of this Great SONG can never tour.
 Call the whole *Nereid* Train to join this Choir;
 Their *Trumps Marine* tun'd to the *Muses* Lyre.
 Add the proud *NEPTUNE*'s, to th' *APOLLO*'s Sphere;
 And make the OCEAN the great *Helicon* here.

Yes, th' Ocean Your more vast *Castalian Fount*,
 Tune your whole Measures from the wat'ry Plains:
 High as his Billows let your Raptures mount;
 And smother than his Calms your gentler Strains.
 Duty and Honour both demand your Knee,
 To *Neptune*'s all Deserving Deity.

If Poets are not all of *Homer*'s kind;
 And *Wit* it self, be not, like *Love*, too blind:
 Let 'em look round and mend their long Mistake,
 To Reason, Sense and Gratitude awake.

If fair *Britannia*, in her Watry Walls,
 From the protecting Deep for Safety calls:
 Let duteous Wit this nobler Aid implore.
 What less than *Neptune* should the *Muse* adore!
 Be just ye *Albion* Wits, court *Albion*'s Guardian Pow'r.

}

Besides

Besides your old dull Choice does but disgrace,
 And brand with Folly the Ingenious Race.
 What's th' *Hippocrene*, or your *Parnassus* Mount,
 This barren Soil, or that more shallow Fount !
 The richer *Neptune's* gen'rous Hand bestows
 All the whole Wealth which to *AUGUSTA* flows.
 From his kind Deep come rolling from a-far,
 Our circling Veins of *Peace*, and all our Nerves of *War*.
 If such our *Neptune*; hence our shining Hoard,
 From that rich *Mine BRITANNIA's* Caskets stor'd :
 Entail, vain *Bards*, your native Curse no more,
 Your old poor starving *Fairy Land* deplore !
 Fools, Fools, be wiser ; change your Muses Seat :
 And court those Pow'rs that make your PATRONS great.

But e'er my *Muse*, thou thy great Song essayst,
 Say to what *Honour'd Heads* this Debt thou pay'st.
 Thou sing'st the MERCHANT. *Merchant* ! Is that all !
 Alas, that Title sounds too general.
 Not *Poet* a more comprehensive Name.—
 Ev'n he that Chants th' Immortal *NASSAU's* Fame,
 A *Genius* warm'd with Wit's sublimest Beam,
 Himself scarce less Immortal than his Theme ;
 Down to the Wretch, whose fordid Madrigal
 Hangs round with Rhimes a smoaky Cottage Wall,
 Course as the Loom it dawbs ; are *Poets* all. }
 So from the Highest down to th' humblest State,
 All to the *Merchant* make their common Plea :
 Down from a thousand Tun t' a Cock-boats Freight ;
Merchants the meanest Strollers of the Sea.
 From Trade's low'r Class, my *Muse*, this common Throng,
 To a more lofty Subject raise thy Song ;
 Chant that exalted WORTH, the Lawrel'd Brows
 This truly Great SOCIETY compose.

See COMMERCE here, Commerce the *Albion* Pride,
Aloft in her *Triumphant Chariot* ride.
Not to recount their Industry's fair Toils,
Blest with kind Providence's warmest Smiles ;
Their *Jove* descending in a *golden Show'r* :
Those their least Titles, *Greatness, Wealth* and *Pow'r*.
Yet more distinguishing DESERT behold,
See WORTHIES here in Fame's first List enroll'd :
See HONOUR far more shining than their *Gold*.
See *Publick Services* more bright Renown ;
Their *Country's* Zealots, Champions of the *Crown*.
See *Albion's* Leading Glory in this Sphere :
The PATRIOT only makes the MERCHANT here.

When the keen *France, Ambition's* hungry Pow'r,
Did late for Universal Empire tour ;
And guarded *Christendom's* protecting Shield,
Great *Europe's* Champion, *Albion's* NASSAU held :
When *Britain* her rich Veins had drein'd so far
For the long Vitals of Expensive War,
Till she had almost droop'd beneath the Weight :
In that Important Exigence of State,
To her Recruit Your generous GLORY flew ;
Supply'd new *Sinews* and new *Succors* drew :
To her kind Aid your *thousand thousands* threw.
So the fam'd *Atlas*, when himself alone
His Heav'nly Burthen bore, till weary grown,
To his Relief the kind *Alcides* rod ;
Eas'd his tir'd Shoulders, and took up the Load.
What easy *Pyramids* your Fame must raise,
When ev'n your *Constitution* trumps your Praise.
'Twas Loyalty your very Being made,
Whilst Loans of Millions your FOUNDATION laid.

This Great SOCIETY in its full Height
 In One *Collective Body*, what more bright !
 But oh, there was a time when Powr's mistake,
 Would Two divided *Orbs of Glory* make.
 Impolitick Thought! Nor cou'd our *Albion* hold
 Within one *Horison* Two such *Twin-stars* ;
 So all Excentrick their great Movements roll'd,
 With nought but clashing Discord, wracking Jars.
 One in a World at once the Globe was wide
 Enough to bear, in its full shining Pride.
 Who ever said the *Phænix* cou'd divide ?
 But oh to trace that loursing Discord through,
 Look back, my Muse, and with a *Janus* view,
 Survey the dire Effects that wild Division drew.

So loud a Contest this Disunion made,
 That *Albion's* pettier Jars asleep were laid ;
Parties and *Int'rests* that before look'd big;
 Nay even the very *Tory* and the *Whig*,
 Those undistinguisht Names were both let fall :
 Whilst your more vast Contention swallow'd all.
 The publick *Test* was to your Walls confin'd :
 You gave the *Shibboleth* to all Mankind.
 Nay ev'n *Religion* at your Bar was try'd :
 'Twas not what *Church*, what *Altars*, or which Side ;
 But which way the warm *Indian Zealot* Drew :
 'Twas who was for the OLD, and who the NEW.

That Threatning Cloud this fatal Contest made,
 As cou'd *Augusta's* brightest *Glory* shade.
 Well she remembers when with Eyes brim-fill'd,
 She those dread Jars in her own Walls beheld :
 Her Honour'd Scarlet *Guildhall* SONS she saw
 Their separate Force almost to Battle draw.

Carmen Irenicum.

7

Nor here alone the lousing Tempest falls :
It almost reacht the proud *St. Stephen's* Walls.
The clamorous Blast had gain'd an Entrance there,
Had not the *Senate* with a cautious Fear
Wisely shut out the whole tumultuous Sound,
In pure Defence of their own hallow'd Ground.

Nor *Senates* only with that Pain and Fear,
Beheld the too ill-boding Aspects here.
NASSAU himself, with a Paternal Care
Ev'n that Great Soul, the *HERO* bore his share.
Deep in his anxious Mind long had he fought
This Breach to heal, and labour'd with the 'Thought.

But shall that Hand which cou'd give *Europe* Peace,
Want Pow'r to make an *Albion* Discord cease ?
No ; in his dear *Augusta's* Darling Cause,
Forth from his own best *Delphick Heads* he draws
A fair selected Band of *HONOUR*, sent
This too unhappy Rupture to cement.
To tune new Musick in this fullen Sphere,
Even courting *Empire* comes a Suitor here.
Thus furnisht with commission'd Eloquence,
With all persuasive Reason, pond'rous Sense,
Th' oraculous Voices speak ; so move ; so sue :——
NASSAU sure, every where, born to subdue ;
Thy Eloquence both pleads and conquers too.
Yes, the great Work crown'd with Success we see ;
All glorious Labours are reserv'd for Thee.
For thy Creation this blest Union calls,
Scarce less than that in thy own *Ryswick* Walls.
Less, said I ? Greatet far ; more *Firmly* join'd.
Nor Leagues nor Oaths the faithless *Gaul* can bind.

}
}

That

That we see broken. This secure from Fear,
To Time's last Sand shall its bright Lustre bear.
Here's *English Honour* ; lasting Bonds seal'd here.

As your *Foundation* that great Influence draws,
Th'important Weight so National a Cause ;
Whilst the warm Aspect of so blest a Smile,
Does such contending *Greatness* reconcile,
The Breach so heal'd and the whole Air so clear'd,
May not one hostile Sound be ever heard :
May ev'n your Walls and Roof look all so fair,
As not to leave a painted *Gorgon* there.
The very *Leopards* from your Gates remove ;
Some milder Crest of Honour fixt above,
Place there the *Olive* and *Pacifick Dove*.

So at the Founded World's original Day,
At the Great Call did Heav'n's first Lights display;
Whilst the long jarring Elements to compose,
Order and *Beauty* from Confusion rose.
Tis such Creation-Work this *Call* attends ;
Such Discord to dispel and join such Friends,
The *Harmony* begins and *Chaos* ends.

How sweet must now your tuneful Measures flow !
Union that reigns Above best rules Below.
Your *Home* and *Foreign Strength* now all secure,
Your *Forts*, your *Castles*, every guardian Tow'r ;
Now stands your *Indian* whole Foundation sure :
For the cheer'd *Hearts* now join the Arm of *Pow'r*.
So join'd, the well-pleas'd *Genius* of our *Isle*,
Shall now look down with a propitious Smile :
Your *Fort St. George* bears up his awful Brow,
The Great St. *GEORGE* himself his Champion now.

Carmen Irenicum.

9

What Smiles can blest Industrious *Glory* want,
Safely on *Indian* Ground your *Standarts* plant.
Raife English Colonies on th' *Indian* Glebe,
Britain's Great *A N N E* join'd with their *Aurenzebe*.

That Maxim so long fam'd, *Divide and Reign*,
'Tis the Infernal Oracles maintain.

Learn to *Unite*, and learn the World to Rule,
Is the great Precept in fair *Virtue's* School.

Let tragick Story in our Annals tell,
How high did once the bloody Torrent swell ;
Down through the Veins of ever-warring Foes,
Betwixt the *York* and the *Lancastrian* *R O S E*.
If those united *Roses* clos'd so wide

A Chasm of Empire there : Sure on your Side
With scarce less *Glory* is this *Gordian* ty'd.

Unions in *Courts* or *People*, both one *Fame* ;
They quench the *Pallace*, these the *City-Flame*.

The well-tun'd Ayr which from this *UNION* sound,
Oh let 'em circle the whole Watry Round.

The streaming Joys down from your *Ganges* run ;
Set out with your own Eastern *Rising Sun*.

Now, all Serene the Ayr, from his calm Bed,
The Reverend *Thames* lifts his Majestick Head ;
Safe from his *Urn* shall his smooth Waters pour,
Shockt by a Blast from th' *Indian Coast* no more.

What does not here ev'n a whole Kingdom owe !

Britannia's Hopes from this blest Union rais'd :
More chearfully shall her large *Succours* flow :

For *Loyal Hearts* are openest when pleas'd.

Let the rowz'd angry *British Lyons* roar ;
Strike Horror to the trembling *Gallick Shoar*.

The weight of *Albion's* Cause and *Albion's* Steel,
 Let *Tyranny* and last *Ambition* feel.
 Whilst threaten'd *Europe* in her own just Cause,
 Rowz'd to new Triumphs her join'd Forces draws,
 Her *Freedom's* glorious Title to decide;
 Your Loyal Ayd, a Zeal so amply try'd,
 Shall add new Vigour still to that just Side.

Nay for one little added Trophy more,
 'Tis your *Rich Cargo* on your Canvas Wings,
 From *India* brings the *Nitrous Compound* o'er
 To light the Fires that dart the Bolts of *KINGS*.
Albion by You th' avenging *Thunder* pours:
 And th' *Austrian* *EAGLE* with your *Lightning* soars.

Rich Cargo, said I? Yes that Name alone
 Belongs to You, a Title all your own.
 Let meaner *Sails* their humbler Hopes pursue,
 Poor Coasters of the Globe, steer their short Course:
 Narrow's their Field, and lean their Harvest too:
 Yours is the wider circled *Universe*.
 Yours the more spreading *Wings* and wealthier *Plumes*,
 For You the whole *Rich Bed* of *Nature* blooms.
Eastward th' old *Eden* lay, and *Eastward* too
 Do You the *Garden of the VWorld* renew;
 And gather the fair *Fruit* that bends its Stems for You.

Here cou'd my Muse attempt so high a Flight,
 To set your *Grandeur* at its true fair Light;
 When *Dignity* and *Worth* are truly weigh'd,
 'Tis the best Test can in that Cause be made,
 To judge what the World owes by what 't has paid.
 Back then a Look through distant Ages cast,
 And weigh the present *Greatness* by the past.

When the Great FOUNDER, with such spangled Light,
Adorn'd the beauteous Face of *Heav'n* so bright,
The Infant World beheld *Omnipotence*,
Such Lustre to his dazzling Works dispense,
Till even the fair Creation they ador'd,
And *Sun* and *Stars* for Guardian Pow'rs implor'd :
Religion with her uninlighten'd Eyes,
Bent her first Knee t' a thousand Deities.
Devotion with fond Eyes thus upward gaz'd,
T' imaginary Forms her self had rais'd :
Fram'd her own fabulous *Hierarchy* of *Heav'n*,
'To Bears and Lyons *Constellations* given.
All that was Great won the Celestial Prize ;
Desert and *Worth* translated to the Skies :
(New *Rome* makes *Saints*, but th' Old made *Godbeads* rise.)
So *Hercules* his mighty Labours done,
His mortal *Glories* finish'd Circle run,
To his Celestial Throne the *Hero* rod.
Virtue Refin'd still mounted to a G O D.

Among these various Shapes then fill'd the Skies ;
A S H I P did to a *Constellation* rise.
Th' Industrious *Jason's* Industry's Reward,
His *Argonaut* that divine Honour shar'd.

But if they deckt with Stars the Bark of *Greece*,
For only bringing o'er a *Golden Fleece*.
With dazled Wonder, oh, had that young World,
Beheld your nobler *Indian Sails* unfurl'd :
Beheld your *floating Piles* more richly stor'd,
Whole hundred Thousands one vast Cargo's Hoard :
Here what more warm Devotion had they pay'd ;
How had they your Divine *Translation* made ;
Your loftier *Streamers* had more *shining Stars* display'd.

Alas,

Alas, the humbler *Jason* brought no more
Than a small Freight of *Gold* that poorer Oar :
Your *Oriental Treasures* brighter Ray,
What must the *Pearl* and *Diamond's* Beams display ?
You store the Caskets which the FAIR adorn :
Yours th' high-priz'd Crofiets by proud *Beauty* worn ;
Whose radiant Lustre darts that glitt'ring Light,
The *sparkling Eyes* that wear 'em scarce more bright.
Yours are the *Carraets*, yours the Maffy *Jems*,
That deck the whole gay Pride of *Diadems*.

F I N I S.